

MR HAROLD MACMILLAN is not taking kindly to the onerousness of supreme office. Therefore it was in keeping with his character that the other night he left Downing Street and walked over to one of his clubs and had a good talk with old cronies. I am told that, like Sir Winston Churchill, he also realises that the discussions in the privacy of the smoke room at Westminster are sometimes more important than the debates in the Chamber.

Sir Winston Churchill has always sat at one place in the smoke room with his back to the Terrace, and neither Sir Anthony nor Mr. Macmillan claimed *en officio* rights after Sir Winston's resignation as Prime Minister. It is sacred to the great Old Man, and no one will profane it.

Incidentally, there was tremendous anxiety when someone said on Thursday that Winston was dead. Not only did we all cover that it was the famous horse which had become part of the ritual of Trooping the Colour. Fortunately for Her Majesty, Winston possessed few of the impious qualities of his famous namesake.

Independence for Ever
JULIAN AMERY, the unshaven Suez rebel, drew a capacity House when he made his Ministerial debut. There was a glint in his eye which suggested that even the discipline of office will not curb the independence of his mind.

Parliament meant almost everything to his father, yet when Leo Amery was defeated at the polls he refused a peerage because he did not want to doom his son to the limited political career of the House of Lords.

As a speaker Julian Amery has a tendency towards the staccato, which can be very effective on occasion. Yet the needs to acquire a *legato* if he



JULIAN AMERY

is to be numbered among the orators. The ear is a demanding critic and calls for variation of tempo and nuance.

Too Few Faithful

WHY were there so few prominent musicians at the memorial service for Signor Toscanini at St. James's Church in Spanish Place? Certainly it was a raw, wet morning but that is a poor excuse. Mr. Rafael Kubelik and Sir Adrian Boult and a few others were faithful to the end, but what had happened to the rest?

Toscanini was not only the most eminent conductor of his time but an citizen of the world he refused to follow Mussolini's baton in 1938 and was placed under house arrest while his passport was impounded. After the Munich conference, when Mussolini thought there would be peace for ever, Toscanini's passport was returned to him, whereupon he went to the United States and did not return to Italy until after the war.

It was thought by many that his death was hastened by the

news that his protégé, the youthful Guido Cantelli, had attempt at realism which death by only a faithful few. This was not so. The tragedy was mettinely withheld from him.

The service at St. James's Church was impressive and the choral singing was admirable, but one could not but feel a touch of incongruity about the draped empty coffin in the

chancel. It is in effect an attempt at realism which defeats its object.

We were grateful to impresario Gorlinsky for giving London a chance to do honour to the great aristocrat of the baton, and to Signora Ebe Stignani for her rendering of a solo from Verdi's Requiem. But the man who drew great audiences

which has the honour of being the only one of its kind in the British Commonwealth. It is open only for the winter season of three months, but during that time it offers the pleasures of roulette, chemin-de-far and a mysterious American game known as "craps."

On a warm winter's evening you can see Americans, Canadians and Europeans changing their luck while considering hard currency changes hands. Unhappily it is not open to British residents. Truly we are a strange race. Britons are the most persistent gamblers in the world, but a bookmaker cannot recover a debt by the process of law.

There is sunlight and moonlight in the Bahamas, there is the monotonous yet fascinating calmness of the people, there are the waves which lull the shores, but for the British gamblers there is only the cry of "*Ren ne va plus*."

Reprise for Cattle?

"CHEERS from all parts of the House" have not been a conspicuous amenity of Parliament in recent weeks, but the common consent which could not be found in a common emergency came spontaneously enough last week through our national love of animals.

Readers of *The Sunday Times* will have found a familiar ring in the questions put by M.P.s about the export trade in live cattle. The raw material of the pleas which led the Minister of Agriculture to appoint an urgent inquiry into the condition under which cattle worth £1 million a month have been shipped to the Continent was drawn direct from the challenging reports of my colleague Joyce Emerson.

Her journey in a cattle boat from Hull to Calais and on to the slaughter-yards imposed conditions which caused suffering to these wretched animals. It is good to feel that her descriptions in this newspaper of the cattle's plight and the recommendations of the veterinary surgeon who accompanied her seem certain now to achieve their purpose.

The Press has had victories no less renowned, but I take leave to doubt whether any previous disclosures of such a kind have brought such prompt action.

In Fine Array

I CANNOT remember such a send-off for a book as that which launched Sir Arthur Bryant's "The Turn of the

Tide," based on the diaries of Field-Marshal Lord Alanbrooke. Over 1,200 people crowded the ballroom of the Dorchester Hotel to gaze upon the famous personalities on the platform.

I am assured by a man of impeccable character and

and added, has emerged scuriously."

Viewers study him but have been Lord Alanbrooke's decision and effort, all in a fascinatingly ap-

Island Rules

I HEAR that I will be visiting shortly, when discussions about the visit of the Duke of Philip in a few days.

The distinguished assistant "Parlement," ancient Chamber, the weight of which is her, but also that even in S. On

In this Island, there is no income tax which has drawn a great many people over the years. In fact, at the Bryant reception I literary friend Desmond who spends much of his time here.

I understand that the population is now about 1,000,000 and that the total area is somewhere in the region of 700. The debates in the House are conducted in English which is apparently a modern version of Norman.

The Dame is a lady of personalty, and I am forward to renewing acquaintance here.

Harbingers

I HAVE received my invitation to the Test Match West Indies at Lord's, comes can spring behind?

People and Words

"The new generation is all that is provided they are given a chance and plenty of good reasons to do well in life."

—Sir STANLEY ROSE

"It is always confusing to live in the middle of an industrial revolution, which is what we are doing now."

—Mr. HAROLD WATKINS, Minister of Transport

"I like to gossip, especially about nice things."

—Mrs. MAXINE

"The only after-dinner of mine that goes down well is when my wife and I say, 'You dear, I'll do them.'

—Mr. STEPHEN McLAUGHLIN, Con. Sec.

"My own tastes are classical composers, and Beethoven."

—Mr. BRUCE the Rock 'n' Roll

PEOPLE and THINGS: By ATTICUS



SIR ARTHUR BRYANT

sobriety that a breakdown of the celebrities would show:

- 6 N.A.T.O. Ambassadors,
- 2 High Commissioners,
- 15 Attachés,
- 28 Generals,
- 22 Lieutenant-Generals, and no fewer than
- 65 Major-Generals.

As far as peace I do not want to cause friction between the Services and shall, therefore, declare at once that there were three full Admirals of the Fleet as well as an extraordinary number of lesser Admirals.

When we add three Marshals of the Air Force, four Air Chiefs of Staff, who are members of the Air Council and a supporting cast of Air Marshals in the same rank you will realise that it was formidable affair.

As for the size of the audience, I can only state that if a bomb had hit the Dorchester there would have been a serious gap in Debrett's and Who's Who.

Famous "Unknown"

Why all this excitement? The truth is that Field-Marshal Lord Alanbrooke is the most famous unknown of our time. At the unveiling of Bryant's opus was on the platform, looking like a sharp-eyed accountant about to examine a company's books. But heroism has no standard shape.

When, on Friday, Lord Alanbrooke appeared on television to discuss his diaries, Lieut-General Sir Bert Horrocks, his servant under him at Dunkirk, told viewers that can assure you that he was the greatest soldier of them all."